

THE TRIBUNE CHILDREN'S PAGE

THE EXCITEMENT OF "BURGLING" APPEALS TO GENEVIEVE—BUT NOT THE POSSIBLE EFFECTS



Say, Genevieve! Suppose sometime We try to lead a life of crime!



We'll burgle houses every night And pack things up for instant flight!



And if folks' doggies come, we'll say— "Good doggies" and they'll go away!



But we'd be caught some day, and then We never could go free again!



Say, Genevieve! It makes me feel As sad as though it all were real!

ELIZABETH KIRKPATRICK-FITZGUGH

HOW LITTLE ESQUIMAUS LIVE

They Ride on Reindeer Instead of Horses, Eat Seal Blubber Instead of Candy and Carry Their Houses Around with Them

By C. A. VALLEAU.

Ashdoo and Osikat were going riding and they were very excited and a little bit frightened. Indeed, Osikat was quite terrified at the thought. She was a very little girl and she had never been on a reindeer before all by herself. Her family moved around from place to place a great deal and they always travelled on reindeer, but she had always ridden with some one else, who held on to her tightly all

Osikat watched solemnly and anxiously for awhile and then decided that would not ride, and neither promises nor threats could induce her to. She took up so much time waiting that Ashdoo became hungry. He began to struggle with the fastenings on his clothes. Finally, he managed to get his fur coat open, searched around and produced a large piece of soft white substance which he held out for Osikat to look at. Osikat looked and

on queer looking sticks. Neither Ashdoo nor Osikat had ever seen anything like it before. But Amal seemed to know, for he wasn't a bit afraid, and he told them to sit very still for a minute. They sat still—because they were really afraid to move.

Presently there was a little clicking noise, then the man picked up his box and sticks and walked off. They did not know he was an American who took photographs of the little

these children were? They were little Esquimaux children of the Tungus tribe who live in Siberia. They do not live for long in any one spot, but travel around from place to place.

They carry their houses with them wherever they go. But that is not so difficult as you might think, because their houses are simply tents made of reindeer skin, or soft pliable bark which is called oorta. At night they sleep on reindeer skins, which they throw over the snow-covered ground. Their food consists mainly of fish, seal blubber, berries and game.

PUZZLES

PROGRESSIVE ENIGMAS.

1. "Call Anne," said mother. I went 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8 and we returned 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8.
2. The children sat on the 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8. Their task was to 1-2-3-4 straw into braids and then sew it into the 5-6-7-8 of a hat.
3. I do love buttered 1-2-3-4-5-6-7. On a cold winter's night it is great fun to sit in front of a glowing fire and 1-2-3 the 4-5-6-7.
4. Not being 5-6-7-8 to reach 1-2-3-4 in the dark, we threw overboard everything 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8 in order to lighten the boat, and waited for morning.
5. At 3-4-5 we sat down under a 3-4-5-6 to dine. There was but one 1-2-3, from which we all 7-8-9; but the feast was good enough, I thought, for any 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9.

BURIED STATES.

1. Tell Emma I need not go to-day.
2. This event gave David a hope of saving his kingdom.
3. How it exasperates me to hear Paul rage against fate!
4. Is this ring of dark color a domestic weave or an importation?
5. Either George or Glanella will dance for you, if you wish.
6. Has the Commodore gone back to his ship?
7. We have word that Mary landed in England on Tuesday.
8. The man's florid, angry countenance attracted my attention.
9. Alas, Kate! You have broken my prettiest teapot.
10. Run, run! You can win, Diana, if you try.

JUMBLED PROVERB.

TO O U T T O O F F S M I I G N H D.
Begin with a certain letter, and take every other letter in regular order; then take the letters that are left in the same order. The result will be a well known proverb.

DRAWING LESSON

Never before have we seen so many rabbits as we saw this week. They seemed to be hopping around us everywhere. But we weren't at all dismayed by the number, because they were all such nice friendly looking bunnies. We hardly knew which we liked the most. But finally we decided that CLAIR STRAIT, of 183 Midland av., Montclair, N. J., and CATHERINE DONOFRED, of 6 Charles st., New York City, and HAROLD GEORGE, of 150 Lenox

av., New York City, had sent us the best looking ones. Others were received from Elias Ellison, Anna Schaschinger, Wilson Wilmer, Hamilton Southworth, Vivian Andrews, Joseph Friend, Nellie Stevens and Percy Davey-Sye, of New York City, and from Julia Bacon, Tarrytown, N. Y.; Hester Gleason, Essex, Conn.; Annie Morris, New Haven, Conn.; P. L. Bailey, jr., Newport, R. I.; Barbara Kendall, Corning, N. Y.; Edwin Morton, Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y., and Edith Showers, Corning, N. Y.



DRAW IN UNCLE SAM'S FACE.

Here is a picture of some one you know—Uncle Sam. At least, it is Uncle Sam's hat and hair and collar, but the rest of his head has been left for you to draw. We know how well you can copy drawings. Now we want to see how original you can be. You may draw him smiling or looking very cross—in fact, he may have any expression you wish to give him.

Puzzle Solvers.

The answer to the musical instrument puzzle is FIFE. The following sent in correct answers: Elias Ellison, Julius Damm, John Tompkins, Donald Morgan, Francis Logue, of New York City, and Marion Tully, Locust Valley, Long Island; Ruth Bronsveld, Cornwall, N. Y.; Dorothy Waters and Virginia Waters, Tappan, N. Y.; Mabel Gilmour, West New Brighton, Staten Island; Virginia Everman, Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.; P. L. Bailey, jr., Newport, R. I.; Mary Newton, New Haven, Conn.; Alice Gallwey, Newport, R. I., and Harry J. Haskins, Yonkers, N. Y.

MUSIC WILL OUT

By ALICE LOVETT CARSON.

There was an old person of Kurd,
Who thought he resembled a bird,
So this singular sage
Occupied a brass cage
And rape seed to roast beef preferred.
Absurd!
Such nonsense I never have heard.

Cried the neighbors, "You spin like a top."

It grieved him both often and long
That his voice was too harsh for a song,
For his soul was a chime
Of music sublime,
To conceal it he felt was all wrong;
Ah, strong
Was his yearning to burst into song!

For hours at a time he would stand
On one leg, with his head in his hand
Resolving to buy
A whistle, and try
The secrets thereof to command;
How grand
If he only might play in a band!

But horrified friends exclaimed "Nay!
We could not endure this day."
So to regions remote,
Where no incorrect note
Could reach them, he hastened away
One day;
When they heard this, they hoped he would stay.

So imagine this old fellow now
Perched aloft on a comfortable bough,
While on whistles and flutes
With "two-dees" and "toots"
He poured out his soul to a cow.
Pray how
Did she take it—that mystified cow?

By his art, he declared, she was stirred—
She was merely amused, I have heard—
As she patiently stood
Ruminating her cud,
And gazed on the queer wingless bird,
My word!
I told you this tale was absurd.

And the bird-man, delighted to find,
A critic so gracious and kind,
Still sits in his tree
Piping, "two-dee-dee-dee!"
And the cow? She does not seem inclined
To mind,
When on fresh, juicy clover she's din.

Games Italian Children Play

Louise was going to have a party. Her invitations were out, her mother had bought favors and prizes and decorations and they had planned just what refreshments to serve.

"But what shall I do when they first come, mother? I've planned a couple of games with prizes, but I want something they can play till every one arrives—just to help get them acquainted. I guess every one is tired of the old games. They don't seem to enjoy them a bit. What did you play when you were a little girl?"

"When I was a little girl, I lived in Bogota, 'way down in South America," said mother. "But I think I played about the same games you do. We used to play 'Ring-Around-Rosey' and 'Blind Man's Buff' and 'Hide and Seek,' but, of course, we didn't call them by those names. We called them by long, queer Spanish names. Then when I was about your age, we lived in Italy. I learned some very interesting games—probably just the sort of thing you want. But perhaps you have played them. Did you ever hear of the game called 'Portraits,' or 'Rhymes' or 'Illustration'?"

"No, I never heard of any of them, but they sound rather nice," said Louise. "How do you play them?"

So mother told her, and this is how they are played:

PORTRAITS.

The first game, called Portraits, consists in making a word portrait of each person in the game by using two words beginning with the same letter

FROM READERS

Dick's Story.

By AUDREY SKRONN (aged 10).
"It is your turn to tell a story tonight, Dick," said his mother.
"I am going to tell a real one," answered Dick.

And this is his story:
"Once there was a nice house—a big one, just like our house. There was a great big bed of strawberries in the garden in the back of this house.
"Just back of the garden were some apple trees, and in one of these trees lived a catbird with her family of children.

"One little bird was sick one day and the mother said to him, 'I will get you a nice ripe strawberry and that will make you well.'"

"After the bird had waited a long, long time the mother came back, but she had no ripe berry in her beak.

"The little bird was so disappointed that it could scarcely chirp.

"The bird told him that she had waited till all the people had gone except one, and this one stayed there all the time and waved her away.

"The little bird was so grieved that it cried out, 'I didn't think folks were so mean that they wouldn't give a sick bird a berry!' The mother bird sat at the edge of the bed and cried."

"You said it was a true story, Dick," said his mother, when he had finished.

"So it is," said Dick, "for I saw the bird watch us for a long time and then fly away. Mamma, won't you have the scarecrow taken away?"

His mother laughed, but Dick's wish was fulfilled, for the next day the scare-crow was taken away.

My Bird Neighbors.

By MARION G. TULLY (aged 10).
The birds around here are lovely. The catbirds with their gray wings are very pretty. Every morning one of them comes to take a bath in our fountain.
The other day I saw two beautiful scarlet tanagers. They have bright red wings and back and breast.
There are lots of little yellow warblers all around and a nice red robin has made her nest in among the green leaves of a vine that twines around one of our pillars.

The Boy's Dream

By LOUISE E. TUCKER.
A little boy was dreaming
Upon his nurse's lap;
He dreamed that the pins fell out of the stars
And the stars fell into his cap.
So when his dream was over,
What did that little boy do?
He went and looked inside his cap,
And found it was not true.

as the initials of the name of the person to be described.

Any number can play and each person is described in turn by every other person in the game. Suppose the game is started with a description of one of the number, a girl named Emily Rowland. Emily may be quite a student, so the first one called upon for a portrait of her might answer "Eager Reader;" the next person might say, "Early Riser," as a little "knock" at her habit of oversleeping. Another might reply "Educated Radical," from a habit she has of thinking for herself. Thus the portraits would go on until each of the nine had made a portrait of Emily Rowland.

The person sitting next may be Andrew Ackley. Perhaps he is an athletic young man studying law; then "Athletic Attorney," "Ardent Admirer," "Advanced Advocate," etc., might be his portraits.

Thus the game would go on until each person had made a portrait of every other one, with all sorts of clever and witty descriptions.

RHYMES.

The second is quite like some you have played, but there is enough difference to stimulate interest.

Two words that rhyme, as "game" and "name," may be chosen. Each person is required to write four lines in rhyme. As

I played a game,
Without a name,
I won no fame—
But who's to blame?

You will have a great deal of fun in this game, and it is really surprising what really clever rhymes are

sometimes made.

ILLUSTRATION.

The third game is one on which an infinite number of variations may be played, but the original way requires a pretty good general knowledge.

One goes out of the room and while he is out, the rest of the party agree on the name of some well known character, as Taft.

On returning to the room, the one who has been out says: "Who is my first letter?"

The answer must be an easy description of some person well known in history or fiction with a name beginning with the required letter. In this case the reply might be, "Your first letter is the author of 'Pender-nis.'"

Any one at all familiar with English literature will know that the first letter is T, the first letter of Thackeray.

"Who is my second?" is the next question.

"Your second is the fellow who had a vulnerable heel." So he thinks of Achilles and gets Ta.

"Who is my third?"

Your third is the next to the last day in the week. Very simple, Friday. Now he has Taft.

To the question as to who is fourth the reply may be: "A very little boy you read about in fairy tales." That, of course, is Tom Thumo, so Taft is easily guessed.

It might be played as a Bible game, using only characters from the Bible, or it might be used for a class in a certain kind of history, drawing answers only from some particular period.



THE CAT AND I DECIDED THAT IT DID NOT PAY TO FIGHT. THIS FIGHTING MAKES ONE HOT AND SORE AND OFTEN LEADS TO TEARS AND GORE—BESIDES, IT ISN'T RIGHT. AND SO WE GRACEFULLY MADE UP AND STARTED FOR A WALK. WE HAD A VERY HAPPY DAY AND CHEERED EACH OTHER ON THE WAY WITH LAUGHTER, SONG AND TALK.

WE CAME ACROSS A DAISY FIELD AND PLAYED AT HIDE AND SEEK, TILL SOMETHING, WAVING TO AND FRO, CAME THUMPING UP AND SCARED US SO WE HARDLY DARED TO PEEK.

AT FIRST WE THOUGHT IT WAS A SNAKE BUT WHEN WE HEARD IT PANT, AND SAW IT MOVE ITS LEGS AND EARS, WE SOON FORGOT OUR SILLY FEARS—IT WAS AN ELEPHANT!

AND THEN A LITTLE GIRL APPEARED WHO LAUGHED AND SMILED AND SAID HER NAME WAS EDIE. CAN YOU GUESS HER LITTLE PLAYMATE'S NAME? WHY, YES. THE ELEPHANT WAS ED.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE ADVENTURES OF OSWALD

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